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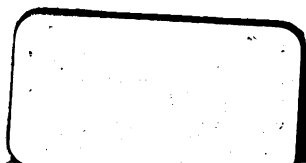
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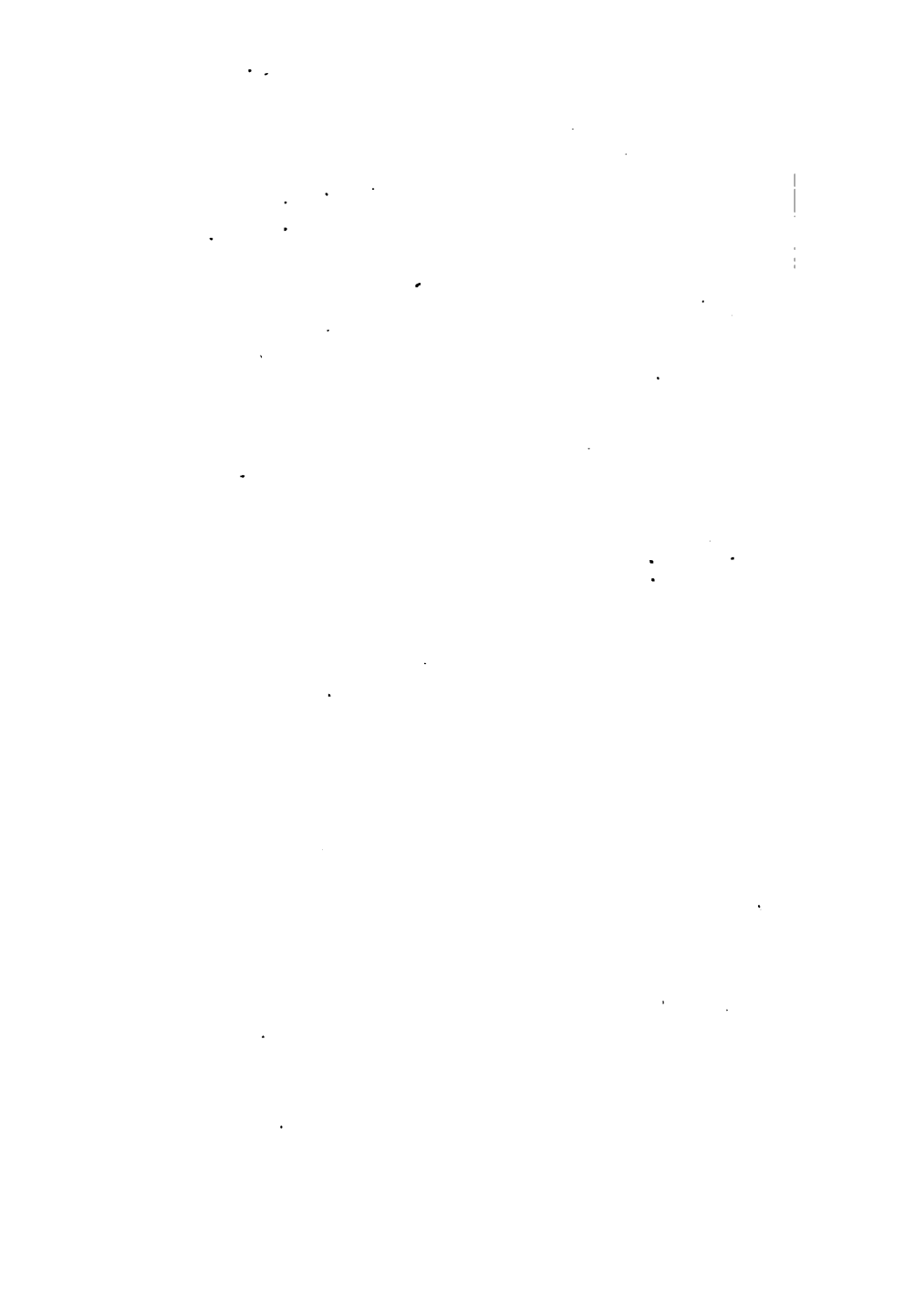
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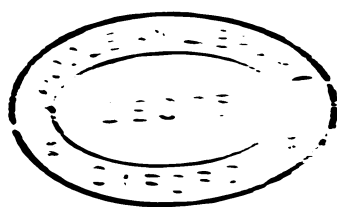
THE BATTERSEA SERIES
OF
STANDARD READING BOOKS
FOR BOYS.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY
EVAN DANIEL, M.A.,
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LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

BOOK I.
FOR
STANDARD I.

LONDON:
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS, S.W.
—
1878.

3987. f. 110^a

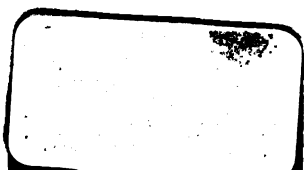


PREFACE.

THIS series of Readers is intended to follow 'The Battersea Primers,' but, being graduated in accordance with the requirements of the New Code, may be used with any Primer.

The aim of the Editor in the earlier books has been to lighten, by the attractiveness of the lessons, the labour of overcoming the mechanical difficulties in learning to read, and to give children a taste for reading. Once a child has been got to *love* reading, his progress is sure and rapid.

The later books contain much interesting and useful information, but all through the series the Editor has subordinated the communication of knowledge to the primary object of a Reader, viz., the teaching a child to read. When the difficulties of scientific lessons are superadded to the difficulties that



PREFACE.

The minds of
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should st
importance
reading les
the ha
ould save
the lesson,
stant interrup
of an intelligent
ge read, and to th
the learner, the co
frequently broken
has to express hi
to many authors
kindness in allowi
from their works.

belong to reading proper, it is not surprising that both science and reading suffer.

The plan of Books I. and II. has been to place at the head of each lesson the chief words occurring in it, and at the end a few sentences in which the words are used in fresh combinations. These combinations the teacher is recommended to multiply for himself. Young children do not derive much benefit from verbal explanations, but they readily pick up the meaning of a word, by induction, from examples. This is, of course, the way in which they first learn to speak. In Books III. to VI. words are explained, but here also examples are given to illustrate the use of the word glossed. This is a novel feature in reading books, and the writer attaches considerable importance to it. The common defect in reading in our elementary schools is lack of intelligence. This is largely owing to the limited vocabulary of the children. They are often called upon to read an unknown language. No opportunity, therefore, should be thrown away of

familiarizing their minds with the meaning of the words which occur in the books they employ.

The Editor would strongly urge upon teachers the importance of getting children to *prepare* the reading lessons. Five minutes spent in learning the hard words, by way of preparation, would save much loss of time in the progress of the lesson, and would render needless those constant interruptions by which, to the hindrance of an intelligent comprehension of the passage read, and to the great discouragement of the learner, the continuity of the reading is so frequently broken.

The Editor has to express his grateful acknowledgments to many authors and publishers for their kindness in allowing him to make extracts from their works.

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STANDARD I.

MY DOG SNOW.

bread
quite
nothing

throw
head
catch

stairs
plan
jump

said
plain
master



1. This is my dog Snow. I call him Snow because his hair is so white.
2. He is a very clever dog, and can do a

great many things. He can stand on his hind legs and beg.

3. Sometimes I put a bit of bread on his nose, and say, "Trust." He stands quite still and looks as if there was nothing on his nose at all.

4. But when I say, "Take," he throws his head up, and catches the bread in his mouth.

5. When I was very ill in bed, he used to come upstairs to see me, and very glad I was to see him.

6. The first time I came downstairs, after I got well, he seemed quite pleased that I was able to get about.

7. He wagged his tail, and ran about, and jumped on my lap and said, as plain as a dog could say it, "I am very glad to see you again, little master."

Write:—

Please to throw this bread to the little birds.

I want to see if Snow can catch my ball.

Snow ran upstairs and jumped on my bed.



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

listen	brood	wonder
feather	intrude	hair

1. "To-whit! to-whit! to-whew
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"
2. "Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo,
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did not take your nest away."

3. "Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I would not be so mean I vow;
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take."
4. "Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I would not hurt a poor bird so;
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine."
5. "Chuck, chuck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I have not a chick
Would do such a trick."
6. "We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood."
7. "I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green,
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."
8. "It is very cruel too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel."
9. A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast;

And he felt so full of shame,
He did not like to tell his name.

Adapted from Mrs. Child.

Write :—

A nest of young birds is called a brood.
To intrude is to thrust ourselves on people who do
not wish to have our company.



GOD WILL KNOW IT.

children	knee	account	know
walk	white	pity	ought
beggar	breast	stopped	blindness

1. Two children were one day going for a walk, when they saw a poor old blind beggar

fast asleep, sitting on a little stone by the way-side, with his hat resting upon his knees. His hair was white, and his face was pale and worn. On his breast he had a card with these words on it, "Pity the poor Blind."

2. The little boy had a penny in his pocket. Pitying the poor old man, he was about to wake him to give him the penny, when his sister stopped him. "Do not wake him," she said. "But who will tell him," said the little boy, "that I gave him my penny?" "Nobody," said his sister, "but God will know."

3. Everything that we do is seen by God; and we may be sure that He loves to see us do good and kind deeds. We ought not to seek for praise or even thanks when we do a kind deed.

4. When we meet a blind man, we ought to show him great kindness, and lend him our eyes. I mean we ought to give him any help he may need on account of his blindness.

Write:—

We ought to pity the blind and the poor.

John tried to walk on the ice.

I know a bird that has a white breast.



MY DOG TRAY.

delight
beggar

switch
follow

puzzle
general

laugh
faithful

1. I have a dog whose name is Tray ;
 He's my delight and joy ;
 He stands upright and begs for bread
 Like some poor beggar boy.
2. He'll fetch a stone, and dive, and swim,
 And jump across a ditch,
 And find the things I hide from him,
 And carry home my switch.
3. He sometimes follows me to school,
 But when I turn my head,
 He then pretends he's going back,
 Or looks about instead.
4. One day, when I was going to read,
 The school-door opened wide,
 And in came Tray and looked to see
 If I might be inside.

5. So many faces puzzled him,
He could not find me out,
But by-and-by he rushed to me
Amid a general shout.
6. The teacher took him up and said,
"Do you wish to come to school?"
Tray shook his tail, as though to say,
"If not against the rule."
7. "I fear," he said, "you'd make us laugh,
And not keep in your place,
And when the children have to march,
You'd wish to run a race."
8. So Tray was told he must go home,
But when the school was o'er,
I found my dear old faithful dog,
Beside the schoolroom door. D.

Write:—

We should not laugh in school.
Dogs delight to bark and bite.
There was a general wish for a holiday.

THE TWO DOGS.

saucy	tease	drowned	taken
kennels	caught	jumped	dropped
notice	carry	whole	heard

1. Little dogs are sometimes very saucy,
and will fly at dogs much bigger than them-

selves. They run out of their kennels and bark so loud that big dogs often run away from them.

2. Once a little dog, named Pepper, ran at a large dog, named Nep, that was five or six



times his size. Nep took no notice of him at first, but Pepper kept on teasing him and barking at him.

3. At last Nep could stand it no longer. He caught hold of saucy little Pepper by the back of his neck, and carried him off to the side of the river, where he dropped him over a bank into the water.

4. The side of the river was so steep that Pepper could not get up it, and he would soon have been drowned, if Nep had not taken pity on him, and jumped into the water after him.

5. Nep took hold of him by the neck again,

and swam with him to a place where he could get out. Then he put him down, and Pepper ran off home as hard as he could go.

He was not heard to bark for a whole week, and he never teased Nep again.

Write:—

Did you notice the rooks in the field
John takes no notice of what he sees.
A kennel is a dog's house or hut.



MOTHER'S POCKET.

gently	key	declare
rogue	needle	pearl
thimble	minute	crooked

1. What's this? I feel a little hand
Come stealing by my side,
And now within my pocket deep
I feel it gently glide.

2. It's you, you little rogue, I see.
What are you doing there?
To dive into my pocket, sir,
How ever could you dare?
3. I'll tell you, ma, I want to see
The pretty things you've got;
Down in that deep, deep pocket
I know you have a lot.
4. O here's a thimble, here's the key,
And here's your ivory tape,
And here's your pretty needlecase,
And here's the dolly's cape.
5. What's this? O that's your purse.
I wonder what is in it?
Just let me see. I only wish
To peep inside a minute.
6. What's this that is so smooth and round?
I'm sure it is a pear.
Hulloa, and here's a paper screw
With sweets in, I declare.
7. My word, here's buttons black and white,
Some brass, some pearl, some bone;
And here's a crooked sixpence,
And here's a lucky stone.
8. Now roguey put them safely back.
Well, well, keep back the pear,
But mind you find out sister Jane,
And give to her a share.

D.

THE BEE AND THE DOVE.

working	carry	moment	deserves
thirsty	struggles	short	aim
water	drowned	unhurt	throw

1. One hot day a bee, who had been working very hard, and was very thirsty, went to drink some water by the side of a river.

2. But the river carried her away, and she would have been drowned, if a dove, who had seen her struggles, had not thrown a leaf to her.

3. The bee got on the leaf, and, as soon as her wings were dry, she was able to fly away.

4. Not long after, the dove was sitting on a tree, when a man came by with a gun. Seeing the dove, he was about to shoot it with his gun, but just at that moment the bee stung him in the hand.

5. This made him miss his aim, and the dove was able to fly away unhurt.

6. One good turn deserves another. The dove helped the bee, and now the bee helped the dove.

Write :—

When we are thirsty we drink water.

Did you see the struggles of the horse ?

He only stopped for a moment.

A moment is a short space of time.

THE CLUCKING HEN.

barley	hatch	beneath
field	small	chicken

1. "Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's barley in the barley-field,
And hay-seed in the hay."
2. "Thank you," said the clucking hen,
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you."
3. "Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!"
Said the clucking hen,
"My little chicks will soon be hatched,
I'll think about it then."
4. The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it in the hay,
And warm and snug beneath her breast
A dozen white eggs lay.
5. Crack, crack! went all the eggs;
Out dropt the chickens small!
"Cluck!" said the clucking hen,
"Now I have you all."
6. "Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with you,"
"Halloo!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.



TOM'S ROBIN.

crumbs	window	morning	woman
floor	breast	bread	women
sure	bright	repay	should
hungry	eye	children	thanks

1. Tom Brown was a little boy about six years old. One cold winter's day his mother said to him, "Tom, pick up those crumbs on the floor and throw them to the poor birds. I am sure they are very hungry, for they cannot get their food while this snow is on the ground."

2. So Tom picked up the crumbs and threw them outside the window. Soon a little robin flew down from a tree close by, and began to

pick them up. He had a bright black eye, like a little black bead, and a red breast.

3. Tom was very pleased, and, after every meal, he picked up all the crumbs he could find to throw to the birds. In a short time the robin grew quite tame, and as soon as Tom came out he would fly down to his feet, and look as if he wished to say, "Good morning, Tom. I am very glad you are come. I saw you through the window eating your bread and milk, and I said to myself, Tom will not forget me. And I was quite right, for here you are, and I can see the crumbs in your hand."

4. The robin was very fond of bread and butter, and sometimes Tom gave him a good piece of it. After he had eaten his meal, he would fly into a tree and sing a sweet song, as if he wished to repay Tom for his kindness. His song was his grace. So little children, and men and women too, should give thanks to God for their food.

Write :—

Wipe those crumbs off your thumbs.

The woman said she was sure you would come.

A hungry robin came to the window.

THE YOUNG BIRDS.

downy	yellow	return	gnat
linnet	dainty	proper	family
gaping	reckon	search	seldom

1. Did you ever see the nest
Of a robin or a linnet
When the little downy birds
Are lying snugly in it,
2. Gaping with their yellow mouths
For something nice to eat?
Snail or slug, or worm or grub
They reckon dainty meat.
3. When the mother-bird returns,
And finds them still and good,
She will give them, each by turns,
A proper share of food.
4. She has hopped from spray to spray,
And peeped with knowing eye
Into all the folded leaves,
Where worms or grubs do lie.
5. She has searched among the grass,
And flown from tree to tree,
Catching gnats and flies, to feed
Her little family.

6. I have seen the robins chirp
 And shake their downy wings;
 They are pleased to see her come,
 And pleased with what she brings.
7. But I never saw them look
 In a hurry for their food;
Somebody at dinner time
 Is seldom quite so good.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

Write:—

Mix blue and yellow, and you will have green.
 A family should be bound together by love.
 Gnats are seldom seen in winter.

THE BEAR AND THE KETTLE.

hungry	thinking	squeeze	brought
village	burnt	crush	cause
peeping	angry	force	people
nobody	scalded	noise	somebody

1. Once a bear was very hungry. Not being able to find any food in the woods, he came to a little village, to see what he could find there.

2. The door of the first house that he came to was open; and, peeping in, he found that nobody was at home.

3. In he went and began smelling about. But he could find no food. At last he came to a kettle of boiling water, which was by the side of the fire.

4. Not knowing what it was, and thinking that there might be something good inside, he



smelt the kettle; and in so doing burnt his nose.

5. This made him very angry with the kettle. So he said "I will serve you out for burning my nose," and he took the kettle up in his front paws and tried to crush it against his breast.

6. The more he squeezed it, the more he burnt himself, and the more angry he grew.

He roared with pain. At last he was forced to drop the kettle and, in so doing, scalded himself with the hot water.

7. The noise which he made brought some men to the spot to see what was the cause of it. Looking through the window, they could see the bear dancing about in great pain. They then got their guns and shot him.

8. In that land, if a man hurts himself when he tries to hurt somebody else, the people still say, "He is like the bear and the kettle."

Write :—

People should not play with hot water.
 If you squeeze the plum you will crush it.
 A scalded dog fears even cold water.
 A hungry bear came to the village.

THE BLIND BOY.

replied	beautiful	widowed	final
sigh	fragrant	sightless	eye
gently	disease	Saviour	open

1. "Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
 "That little bird sings very long;
 Say, do you see him in his joy,
 And is he pretty as his song?"

2. "Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid;
 "I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said—
 "Sister, I wish that I could see.
 3. "The flowers, you say, are very fair,
 And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there,—
 How beautiful for one who sees!
 4. "Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
 And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
 From those dear birds that God has made.
 5. "So, sister, God to me is kind,
 Though sight to me He has not given;
But tell me are there any blind
 Among the children up in heaven?"
 6. Ere long disease its hand had laid
 On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
 That God would spare her sightless child.
 7. He felt her warm tears on his face,
 And said, "O! never weep for me;
I'm going to a brighter place,
 Where God my Saviour I shall see
 8. "And you'll be there, kind Mary, too;
 But mother, when you get up there,
Tell me, dear mother, that 'tis you:
 You know I never saw you here."
-

THE GRASSHOPPER, THE ANT, AND BEE. 21

9. He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
 Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child
 And opened first his eyes in heaven.

DR. HAWKES.



THE GRASSHOPPER, THE ANT, AND THE BEE.

singing	having	pity	unkind
found	scratch	turned	honey
cruel	house	double	henceforth
answer	robbed	friend	poor

1. A grasshopper, who had spent all the summer in singing, found, when winter came, that she had not a bit of food to eat. So she went to an ant, who lived close by, and asked her to lend her some food till next year. "On my word, as a grasshopper," she said, "I will pay it you back, and more."

2. "What were you doing in the summer," said the ant. "O, I used to sing." "You used to sing, did you?" said the ant. "I am glad to hear it; now you can dance." And with this cruel answer the ant went into her

22 THE GRASSHOPPER, THE ANT, AND BEE.

nest, leaving the poor grasshopper out in the cold.

3. Not long after the ant's nest was scratched up by a big bird, and the ant went to a bee and said, "O dear, O dear! My nest is torn up; my house is robbed; all my brothers and sisters are dead. I shall die too, if you do not take pity on me."

4. "You talk very fine," said the bee, "but the grasshopper told me you were not kind to her, when she was in want." The ant turned very red when she heard that, and said, "O, you know about that, do you?"

5. "Yes," said the bee, "the grasshopper is my friend. What if I was unkind like you, and asked you to dance when you had no food? But I am not so cruel. You may come in this time, and have some of my nice honey. But mind that henceforth you show pity to others."

Write :—

It is cruel to rob a poor bird of its young.

He gave me double for all my trouble.

Why do you not give your friend some honey

Here is the money. Now fetch me some honey.

SPRING.

yesterday	build	surface	wonder
thought	hazel	March-brown	violet
cuckoo	primrose	espy	cowslips

1. O, mother dear, the spring is here,
The flowers are peeping out,
And yesterday I thought I heard
The cuckoo's joyous shout.
2. The birds have all begun to build;
I see them every day
Fly past me to their little nests
With bits of straw and hay.
3. I'm sure that I could find a nest
Down in the hazel wood;
Of course, I would not take the eggs
Nor hurt the little brood.
4. Last night in crossing o'er the bridge
I saw the fishes rise,
And on the surface of the stream
I saw the March-brown flies.
5. Even they must know the spring is come,
For all the winter long,
Nor fish, nor fly, could I espy,
And now they seem to throng.

6. I long to wander through the fields
And pluck the cowslips tall;
We used to hang them on a thread
And tie them in a ball.
7. I know a bank where violets grow,
And if with me you'd come,
I'd show you heaps of primroses
To bring back with us home.
8. I feel just like the little lambs,
That in the meadows play;
I long to join them in their games
And dance about as they.
9. O, mother dear, the spring is here,
I feel it in my breast;
I am so full of it, I seem
As if I could not rest.
10. Then let us sally forth to-day
To roam through field and lane,
O'er hill and dale, and by the brook
That winds across the plain. D.

HARRY'S DONKEY.

school	afraid	wheel
smooth	anybody	crush
holiday	stubborn	fellow

1. Here is Harry's donkey. The donkey's name is Bob. His father gave it to him,

because he had been a good boy and had got on well at school.

2. Harry is very fond of him and feeds him with oats and hay every day. You see how smooth his coat is. Harry rubs his coat down every day.

3. On a holiday Harry goes out for a ride on his donkey. At first he was afraid to get on the donkey's back. But now he is not afraid at all.

4. One day a cruel boy struck the donkey with a stick, and the donkey kicked him on his leg, but he never kicks Harry, nor anyone else, who is kind to him.



5. Once Harry's donkey was drawing a cart, when all at once he stood still. Harry said, "Get along, Bob," but Bob would not stir. "Hulloa," said Harry, "I hope you are not going to turn stubborn." But Bob would not go on.

6. So Harry got off the cart to see what was the matter with Bob. When he got down he found a frog just in front of the wheel. Bob had seen the frog, and he would not go on, lest it should be crushed under the wheel of the cart.

7. "Well, you are a good old fellow," said Harry to the donkey. "If you are kind to a frog, what a shame it is for boys to be cruel to it. I will never hurt a frog again."

Write :—

One holiday Tom fell under a wheel.
I was afraid that the wheel would crush him.
Frank is not stubborn.

THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD NIGHT.

hidden	flowers	light
friend	blossom	sparkling
pretty	watches	weary

1. The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound ;
'Tis time to say to all "good night !"
And give a kiss all round.

2. Good night, my father, mother dear,
Now kiss your little son ;
Good night ! my friends, both far and near,
Good night to every one.
3. Good night, ye merry, merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light ;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said "good night !"
4. To all my pretty flowers, good night,
You blossom while I sleep ;
And all the stars that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.
5. The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there ;
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes
And say our evening prayer.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

Write :—

When we are weary we go to bed.
Love your enemy as well as your friend.
The pretty glowworm sparkles.



LYING.

moving	distance	reach	believe
round	laugh	earnest	truth
pretend	workmen	seize	people

1. There was a boy, who was a very good swimmer. He could do all sorts of things in the water. He could swim on his back. He could dive. He could swim without moving his hands. He could swim round and round, with his knees close up to his chin. He could swim like a dog. He could splash with his feet.

2. Sometimes he used to pretend that he was drowning. He would swim a long way out into the sea, and cry out for help. Then he would dive, as if he was sinking, and, after

stopping under the water a long time, he would come up to the top and shout for help. Then he would dive again, so that people at a distance would think that he was drowning.

3. One day he cried out "Help, help, I am drowning." Some men, who were at work close by, got a boat and rowed out to save him. But when they reached him he laughed at them for their pains and swam off.

4. The next day he was swimming in the same place, and again the workmen heard cries of "Help, help, I am drowning. I am, indeed; come and save me." But they said, "O, it is only that boy who made sport of us yesterday. He is only pretending that he is drowning."

5. But this time the boy was in real earnest, for he had been seized by cramp and could not move his legs; and as no one came to help him he sank and was drowned.

6. So you see that, if people tell lies, no one will believe them even when they tell the truth.

Write :—

Tom pretended to laugh at the dog's tricks.

I believe that the thief was seized.

We were at some distance from the sea.

GOD LOVES TO HEAR ME SING.

beyond	warble	pipng	pleasant
parent	golden	twinkle	grateful

1. God loves to hear me sing, mother,
I've often heard you say ;
So I will sing my sweetest song
And praise Him every day.
2. My voice, though weak and low it be,
Will reach beyond the skies ;
And, mid the care of worlds, I'm sure
That He will hear it rise.
3. I'll praise Him for my happy home,
And for my parents' love ;
For brothers and for sisters dear
Now here or gone above.
4. I'll praise Him for the little birds
That warble on the sprays ;
I'm sure He loves to hear them, too,
Piping their little lays.
5. I'll praise Him for the golden sun
That makes the world so bright ;
And for the moon and twinkling stars,
That shine on me at night.
6. I'll praise Him for the pleasant fields,
That are so green and fair ;
And for the pretty flowers that bloom,
And greet me everywhere.

7. I'll praise Him for His tender care,
And all His love for me ;
And I will ever strive and pray
A grateful child to be. D.

Write :—

Your father and mother are your parents.
We should be grateful for kind deeds.
The birds warble on the trees.



BOB, THE FIRE DOG.

happen	brigade	fireman
different	ready	passage
engine	stifle	collar

1. London, as you know, is a very large city, and fires happen in it very often. At different places men are kept, who are always

ready, at any hour, by night or by day, to rush off with the fire-engine to put the fire out. These men form what is called the Fire Brigade, and very brave men they are.

2. At one of these places there was a dog, named Bob, who was very fond of going to fires. Whenever the firemen were sent for, Bob was ready to start with them. He used to go in front of the engine, as though to clear the way for it.

3. When he got to the fire, he would run up the ladders that were placed against the walls, and make his way through the windows, and get into the house even before the firemen.

4. Once he rushed into a house on fire and brought a cat out in his mouth. Another time he saved the life of a child. The firemen had been sent for to a house that was on fire. It was thought that all the people who lived in the house were saved, but Bob kept on barking at a side-door, as much as to say, "I know that there is somebody still inside." When the firemen opened the door they found a poor little child, nearly stifled with the smoke, in the passage.

5. He used to wear a brass collar, on which were these words:—

Stop me not, but let me jog,
For I am Bob, the London Firemen's Dog.

Write:—

Do you know what happened on the road?
An engine ran over a fireman.
Different boys like different games.



QUACK, QUACK.

quake	mistake	chicken
quick	drown	grieve
gabble	except	heard

1. A queer old man a hen's egg took,
And put it 'neath a duck;
And by-and-by a chick came out,
Which soon began to cluck.
2. The duck then took her little brood
To swim about the lake,
But when they saw how deep it was,
They all began to quake.

3. "Now mind," she said, "if you should sink,
That I am close at hand,
And, if you'll call, I'll quickly come,
And bring you safe to land.
 4. "But mind you do not come to harm,
Nor stray from duty's track ;
And if you want to summon me,
Be sure you say 'Quack, Quack.'
 5. "Now let me hear if you can say
That very useful word ;
If not, I fear that you'll be drowned,
For you will ne'er be heard."
 6. Then all began, "Quack, Quack, Quack, Quack,"
As little ducklings should,
Except the chick, who fondly hoped
Her "Cluck" was quite as good.
 7. "Who's that cried 'Cluck,'" the old duck said,
"I'm sure there's some mistake."
"Twas I," the little chick replied,
"A 'quack' I could not make."
 8. "O, this will never do," she said ;
"I'm grieved to send you back,
But do not hope to mix with ducks
Till you can say 'Quack, Quack.'" D.
-



FOLLOW THE LEADER.

follow	break	sweep
whatever	shepherd	frighten
dangerous	straight	afraid

1. Boys are very fond of playing a game, which they call "Follow the Leader." The boys who play in it form themselves into a line, and whatever the first boy does all the other boys have to do.

2. Sometimes the leader goes into very dangerous places. Tom Bright was leader one day, and led the boys across the river, which was very low. As he was stepping from stone to stone he fell in and got wet through.

3. Another day he fell from the top of a wall and cut his head very badly. If you play this game, take care that you do not try to do things that are too hard for you. It is no proof of pluck to break your head or get drowned.

4. Did you ever notice how sheep always

follow their leader? A shepherd was once driving a flock of sheep through a crowded street, and found it very hard to keep them from going the wrong way. First they went to the right, and then to the left, when they ought to go straight on.

5. Seeing them turn down a wrong street he called out to a man, who was sweeping a crossing, to stop them. The man did his best by running in front of them, and holding his broom up to frighten them.

6. At last the leader, not being able to go back or pass by him, jumped clean over his head. Of course the whole flock followed him, every one jumping over the poor old man, who was afraid to move.

7. The best way of playing Follow the Leader, is to follow a good boy in doing good. The worst way is to follow a bad boy who is doing wrong.

Write :—

The shepherd does not frighten the sheep.
Do not follow boys into dangerous places.
The boys went straight home from school.

MY MOTHER.

directly	talk	trouble	fault
bosom	headache	clothes	please
walk	trifling	patience	nurse

1. I must not tease my mother,
 For she is very kind,
 And everything she says to me,
 I must directly mind.
 For when I was a baby,
 And could not speak or walk,
 She let me in her bosom sleep,
 And taught me how to talk.
2. I must not tease my mother ;
 And when she likes to read,
 Or has a headache, I will step
 Most silently indeed.
 I will not choose a noisy play,
 Nor trifling troubles tell,
 But sit down quiet by her side,
 And try to make her well.
3. I must not tease my mother ;
 I've heard dear father say,
 When I was in my cradle sick,
 She nursed me night and day.
 She lays me in my little bed,
 She gives me clothes and food,
 And I have nothing else to pay,
 But trying to be good.

4. I must not tease my mother ;
 She loves me all the day,
 And she has patience with my faults,
 And teaches me to pray.
 How much I'll strive to please her,
 She every hour shall see ;
 For should she go away or die,
 What would become of me ?
 MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Write :—

Directly your head aches, take a walk.
 Try to correct your faults.
 Take trouble, or your toil will be double.



SAVED BY A CAT.

hundred	swept	cradle	careful
thousand	village	wooden	afloat
night	people	balance	inside

1. "I am going to tell you how a baby was saved by a cat," said little Tom White's father.

2. "Saved by a cat?" said Tom. "That

must be a very odd story. Was it a cat like our Snow? Do tell me the story."

3. "Well, more than four hundred years ago, there was a great flood in Holland, which is a very flat land. And in one night this flood swept away seventy-two villages and a hundred thousand people."

4. "Were all those people drowned, father?" said Tom. "All of them," said his father. "The whole land was under water for miles and miles. As far as a man could see it looked like a great sea.

5. "The flood burst into the houses and swept them right away. Here and there you could see chairs and tables and boxes, that had been washed out of the houses.

6. "Among other odd things that could be seen on the top of the flood was a cradle, and on the top of the cradle was a cat just like our Snow.

7. "The cradle was a sort of wooden box, and floated like a boat; but it would have turned over if the cat had not been very careful to balance it.

8. "When the cradle leaned on one side, the cat leaned on the other, and so it was kept afloat until some men found it.

9. "What do you think they found inside?
They found a dear little baby fast asleep.
Had it not been for the cat the baby would
have been drowned."

Write:—

There are ten hundreds in one thousand.
Tom is not heavy enough to balance Frank.
The ship is afloat on the wide sea.
Remember that people is not spelt like steeple.

"NO ONE WILL SEE ME."

climb	pause	notice
cupboard	thought	absent
stretch	forget	course

1. "No one will see me," said little John Day,
For his father and mother were out of the way,
And he was at home all alone;
"No one will see;" so he climbed on a chair,
And peep'd in the cupboard to spy what was
there,
Which of course he ought not to have done.
2. There stood in the cupboard, so sweet and so
nice,
A plate of plum cake in full many a slice,
And apples so ripe and so fine.

"Now no one will see me," said John to himself,
As he stretch'd out his arm to reach up to the
shelf:

"This apple at least shall be mine."



3. John paused, and put back the nice apple so red,
For he thought of the words his kind mother
had said,

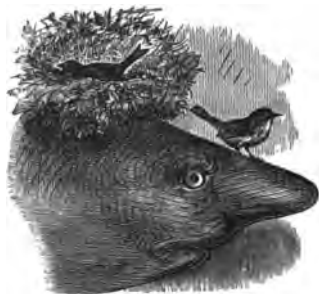
When she left all these things in his care;
"And no one will see me," thought he, "is not
true;

For I've read that God sees us in all that we do
And is with us everywhere."

4. Well done, John ; your father and mother obey,
 Try ever to please them, and mind what they
 say,
 Even when they are absent from you ;
 And never forget, that, though no one be nigh,
 You cannot be hid from the glance of God's eye,
 Who notices all that you do.

Write :—

I thought that the cake was in the cupboard.
 Did you notice how he paused before he spoke ?
 Do not speak ill of absent friends.



THE ROBIN'S NEST.

build	pickle	servant	dreadful
kettle	bottle	return	shark
thrown	square	fierce	hatch

1. Robins build their nests in all sorts of
 odd places. I have heard of one pair who

made their home in an old kettle which had been thrown away.

2. I have heard of another pair which built their nest on a shelf in a school-room. They used to go in and out of the school through an open window, even when the children were at their lessons.

3. But the oddest places of all, that I ever heard of, I will tell you of now. The window of a pantry in a great house was left open during the day, and a pair of robins got in through this window and built their nest on a shelf in among some pickle-bottles.

4. Most birds' nests are round, but this one was almost square, because the bottles were square, and there was only just room to get a nest in between three of them.

5. When the servant came to the shelf for some pickles, the robin would hop down on the floor, and as soon as she had gone would return to its nest.

6. After a time the robins left this nest and built one in a room above, which was used for stuffing birds in. The owner of the birds was afraid that the robins might do them some harm, and tried to frighten them away. He put some of the fiercest-looking wild beasts

he had by the window to scare them, but it was all of no use. The robins would not be turned out.

7. Where do you think they built this time? There was a dreadful-looking shark hanging against the wall, and the robins built their nest right on top of his head. The hen robin laid five eggs in it, and all of them were hatched.

Write:—

Masons build houses ; birds build nests.

A shark is a very fierce fish.

PUSSY CAT.

servant	whenever	squeak	cunning
hardly	scrabble	cheese	caught
venture	Cheshire	nibble	claws

1. Pussy cat lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back and pur ;
The little mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir.
2. For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The pussy cat says, "Come out if you dare ;
I will catch you all with my claws."

3. Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The pussy cat said, "It smells very nice,
Now do come out, if you please."
4. "Squeak," said the little mouse; "Squeak,
squeak, squeak,"
Said all the little ones too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we are afraid of you."
5. So the cunning old cat lay down on the mat,
By the fire in the servants' hall;
"If the little mice peep they'll think I'm
asleep;"
So she roll'd herself up like a ball.
6. "Squeak," said the little mouse, "we'll creep
out,
And eat some Cheshire cheese;
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."
7. Nibble, nibble, nibble, went the little mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from the
mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

AUNT EFFIE'S RHYMES.

Write:—

Cheshire is in the west of England.
We could hardly venture out at night.
The cunning cat caught the mouse.



THE TOM-TIT.

saucy	gardener	swallows	feathers
fellow	hundred	careful	speckled
insects	caterpillars	perhaps	scarecrow

1. "Father, what is that bird in the garden? It has a dark-blue head, and sharp little eyes, and a very saucy look."

2. "It is a tom-tit, my boy, and a bold little fellow he is. He is very fond of the insects that feed on plants, and, by killing them, he does great service to the gardener. A pair of these birds will kill as many as five hundred caterpillars in a day.

3. "Tom is very fond of oats also. He holds each grain in his claws, or fixes it in some little chink, and hammers at it with his bill until he has got the husk off.

4. "What do you think he does with a bee when he catches it? You know that bees have stings; well, before Tom swallows the bee, he carefully takes out the sting."

5. "Perhaps he will build his nest in the garden, father." "Perhaps he will. His

nest is made of moss and lined with feathers. The hen tit lays about seven eggs. The eggs are speckled, and of a reddish-brown at one end.

6. "The tom-tit is very fierce, and, if you bring your hand near its nest when it is sitting, will seize it. In some parts it is called Billy Biter."

7. "Where does the tom-tit build?"

"In all sorts of places. In hollow trees; in old walls; in the tops of rain-spouts; in the hat of a scare-crow. I have heard of one that built his nest inside a weather-cock."

Write:—

An insect has six legs and two or four wings.

A caterpillar looks like a worm.

A scare-crow is dressed up like a man to scare crows.

THE ROBIN'S SECRET.

pleasant	betimes	swallow
scorching	daylight	sparrow
secret	fifty	sorrowful

1. I'm little Robin Red-breast, sir,
My nest is in the tree;
If you look up in yonder elm
My pleasant home you'll see.

We made it very soft and nice,—
My pretty mate and I;
And all the time we worked at it,
We sang most merrily.

2. The green leaves shade our little home
From the hot and scorching sun;
So many birds live in the tree,
We do not want for fun.
The light breeze gently rocks our nest,
And hushes us to sleep;
We're up betimes¹ to sing our song
And the first daylight greet.²
3. I have a secret I would like
The little girls to know;
But I would not tell a single boy—
They rob the poor birds so.
We have four pretty little nests,
We watch them with great care;
Full fifty eggs are in this tree,—
Don't tell the boys they're there.
4. Joe Thompson robbed the nest last year;
The year before Tom Brown;
I'll tell it loud as I can sing,
To everyone in town.
Swallow and sparrow, lark and thrush,
Will tell you just the same;
To make us all so sorrowful,
Oh, isn't it a shame?

¹ *Betimes*, early.

² *Greet*, welcome.



HONEST DICK.

pocket	thinnish	honest
nobody	gladness	thought
marbles	rather	bright

1. One day, as Dick Smith was going home from school, he saw something bright on the ground, which he at first thought was a bit of tin, but when he came close to it he found it was a sixpence.

2. "Hurrah," said Tom, "here is a sixpence. There is nobody that I can see who has lost it, so I shall put it in my pocket. O, won't I buy some tarts and marbles and tops?"

3. Tom thought of all the nice things he should like, and at first it seemed as if he could buy them all with the sixpence he had found.

4. Home he went, full of joy, with his hand in his pocket holding the sixpence quite fast for fear it should fly out.

5. He had not gone far when he met a little girl crying. He said to her, "What are you crying for?" She said, "I was sent to the shop with sixpence for a loaf of bread, and I lost the sixpence out of my pocket. Mother will scold me, for we are very poor, and we wanted the bread for dinner."

6. "Was it a thinnish sixpence?" said Dick. "Yes," said the little girl. "Had it a hole in it?" said Dick. "Yes," said she.

7. "Here is your sixpence," said Dick. "I am quite sure it is yours. It is not mine." The little girl thanked him and ran away to the shop full of gladness.

8. "What is become of my tarts and marbles and tops?" said Dick. "But never mind. I am more happy to think that I did not keep the sixpence, than any tarts or marbles or tops could make me. I would rather be

honest than have all the nice things in the world."

Write :—

A man who is not honest is a thief.

Dick thought that he saw something bright.

Which would you rather have, apples or pears ?

PRETTY POLL.

scarlet	features	whisper
curious	quarrel	thieves
sedate	laugh	police

1. We had a clever parrot once,
With blue and scarlet wings;
He used to watch whate'er we did,
And say all sorts of things.
2. I often, often used to think
He knew what we were at,
The curious words he used to say
Came in so very pat.
3. One day as Tom was at the jam,
Which on the table lay,
He heard the parrot scream, "I'll tell,"
And off he ran away.
4. Another day his sister's doll
He melted out of spite;
And when his father scolded him
Poll shouted "Serve him right."

5. Sometimes we used to bother ma
To let us sit up late ;
Then Poll would cry out " Go to bed,"
With features quite sedate.
6. One day we quarrelled, Tom and I,
He hit me with a stick,
But when we made it up and laughed,
Poll whispered, " Kiss me quick."



7. Another day some thieves got in,
To steal what they could find ;
But when they heard Poll cry " Police "
They left it all behind.

8. One day Tom said he'd wring her neck
("Tis really sad to tell),
But Polly only laughed and said
"I wish you'd ring the bell." D.
-

OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

starling	feather	enough	naughty
built	hatch	language	family
chimney	appear	obedient	unhappy

1. Two starlings built their nest on the top of a chimney. They had four eggs, and by-and-by four little birds came out of the eggs.

2. These little birds had no feathers when they were first hatched; and so the mother had to keep them warm under her wings, while the father went to get food for them.

3. As the little birds grew, their feathers began to appear. Then the mother was able to leave them and go to help the father in finding food for them.

4. But as the wings of the little birds were not yet strong enough to fly with, the mother said to them, "Quee, quee, quee." That means in birds' language, "My dear little ones, do not leave the house."

5. But when the mother was gone, one of the little birds, who was not obedient, wanted to get out. He got on the edge of the nest, fell down the chimney and was killed.

6. When the father and the mother came back they found only three birds in the nest. And these three all cried out together, "Coo-roo, coo-roo." That means "Our brother is dead and has fallen down the chimney."

7. Then the father and the mother and the three little children all began to cry, for one naughty child may make a whole family unhappy.

Always do what your parents tell you to do, for they love you and know what is best for you.

Write :—

Tom soon had enough of snuff.

In spring the flowers will appear again.

A school ought to be a happy family.



SNAKES.

walking	common	animals	minutes
mixture	harmless	attack	swallow
yellow	poisonous	deadly	warning

1. One day Harry White and his father were walking in the woods, when they found a dead snake. It was about three feet long. The skin was a mixture of yellow and white and green, with spots of black and brown.

2. "What sort of snake is that?" said Harry. "It is the common grass snake," said his father, "and is quite harmless. The only poisonous British snake is the viper or adder. It is of a yellow colour, and has a stripe of black spots on each side."

3. "In America there is a snake called the rattlesnake, which preys on birds and small animals, and will even attack a man. It is called the rattlesnake because, when it is angry, it makes a loud noise with its tail."

4. "A good thing it does make a noise," said Harry. "If I heard it I should not be

long before I got out of its way." "Yes, it is well that it gives warning that it is near," said his father; "for its bite is very deadly. If its fangs enter a vein, death often follows in two or three minutes."

5. "There is a large snake, the boa, which is from twenty to thirty feet long. It is not poisonous, but it twists round its prey and crushes it to death. It will kill and swallow entire even large animals."

6. "But how does he get them down?" "You may well say that, Harry. Its skin stretches so much that the very form of the animal can be seen through it. But here we are at home: I will tell you more about snakes some other time."

Write:—

Green is a mixture of blue and yellow.

The bull made a deadly attack on the dog.

The animal is quite harmless.



THE SONG OF THE SHELL.

distant	mermaid	pallid	perish
wonders	wreathe	figures	treasure
silent	dreadful	stalwart	familiar

1. Pretty, curly, rosy shell,
Singing sweetly all the day,
When I put you to my ear
Tell me what it is you say.
2. I will tell you, dearest child,
If you will but list to me ;
Of my distant home I sing
And the wonders of the sea.

3. Once I lay on golden sands
Far below the heaving wave ;
Once I found myself at rest
In a dark and silent cave.
4. Once a mermaid, finding me,
Wreathed me in her flowing hair,
And I kissed her snowy neck
And her cheek so smooth and fair.
5. Once I heard a dreadful storm
Raging up above my head,
And I saw beside me sink
Pallid figures, cold and dead.
6. Here I saw a stalwart man
Pressing to his breast a child,
There a mother clasped her babe,
With a look all sad and wild.
7. Once I lay inside a ship
That had perished in a storm,
And I saw beneath its decks
Many a stiff and lifeless form.
8. Some seemed sleeping in their beds,
Some were kneeling on their knees ;
O, if you had seen the sight
'Twould have made your life-blood freeze.
9. Then I rolled about the sea,
Up and down the shifting sand,
Till at last an angry wave
Threw me on the pebbly strand.

10. There I lay for many a day
Till I caught your searching eye,
And you took me with you home
In your treasure-box to lie.
11. Do not wonder that I sing
Of the ever-changing sea ;
When *you* leave your happy home
You will sing of it like me.
12. Though you go to distant lands,
Never see your country more,
You will never cease to sing
Of the old familiar shore.
13. You will yearn to see old faces
That you ne'er may see again ;
You will long to hear old voices
Sing some dear familiar strain.
14. In those distant, distant, days
You will think, perhaps, of me,
And the song you heard me sing
Of my old home in the sea. D.

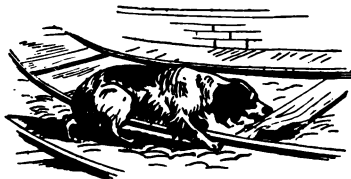
 PINCHER AND HIS TAIL.

clever	railroad	dreadful	kitten
temper	engine	happen	scratch
father	howled	rabbit	station

1. We had a little dog whose name was Pincher. He was very clever, and we were

all very fond of him, because he had such a good temper.

2. One day my father was going off by train, and Pincher went with him to the station. Just as the train came in Pincher tried to get across the railroad, but, before he could get to the other side, the engine went over his tail and cut it off.



3. Poor Pincher howled dreadfully. He could not make out what had happened to him. He felt something was wrong about the end of his tail, but he could not make out what. He tried to wag his tail, but it seemed to him as if he had nothing to wag.

4. When the train had gone off, Pincher saw the end of his tail on the railroad. He picked it up and ran off home with it as fast as he could go.

5. When he got home we could not make out what he had in his mouth. Sam thought he had a rat, Fred said it was a kitten, Harry said it was a rabbit.

6. By-and-by we saw him scratching a hole in the garden, and when he had made a good hole he dropped the tail in it. We had thought his tail looked very odd, and now found out why. Only a short stump was left.

7. But it was not till father came home that we found out how Pincher lost his tail. I am glad to say he soon got well, but we can never get him to go to the station now.

Write :—

It is better to be good than clever.

A good temper is better than a purse of gold.

What a dreadful story we have read.

THE CLEVER OLD MAN.

heart	savage	knock
woman	speckle	forgot
plough	yesterday	heaven

1. There was an old man who lived in the farm
That stands in yonder lea.
He said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
With all my heart the old woman said,
If this you will allow,
To-morrow you shall stay at home,
And I will drive the plough.

2. But you must milk the little cow
That has the savage eye,
And you must feed the little pigs
That live in yonder sty ;
And you must watch the speckled hen
That she lay not astray,
And you must wind the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday.
3. So the old woman took a staff in her hand
And went to drive the plough ;
The old man put the pail on his head
And went to milk the cow.
But Tiny kicked and Tiny flung
And Tiny wagged her tail,
And Tiny gave him such a blow
That the blood ran down the pail.
4. Wo, ho ! my Tiny ! stand still, my Tiny !
O Tiny, do stand still.
If ever I milk thee again in my life
'Twill be sore against my will.
He went to feed the little pigs,
That live in yonder sty,
He knocked his head against the beam
And he made the blood to fly.
5. He went to watch the speckled hen
For fear she'd lay astray ;
But he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

Then the old man vowed by the sun and moon
And all the stars in heaven,
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.

Write :—

A spool is a piece of wood on which yarn is wound.
The woman tried to drive the plough.
The savage cow ran at the speckled hen.



TOM AND HIS RABBITS.

snowball	neglect	grudge
hutch	scarcely	sorry
tired	starve	however

1. Tom has two rabbits. One is white and the other is black. The white one has pink eyes. Her name is Snowball. The black one's name is Smut.

2. Tom is very kind to them, and keeps their hutch clean. He feeds them every day, and gives them nice green food, such as they like. Sometimes he takes them out of the hutch and lets them play on the grass in front of the house.

3. Some boys are kind to pets at first, but soon get tired of them, and then they neglect them. Johnny Smith had a rabbit given to him, and at first he could scarcely leave it.

4. He used to go to it the first thing in the morning, and the last at night. He used to get so much green food for it that a great deal was wasted, because the rabbit could not eat it all.

5. But in a short time Johnny grew tired of his rabbit, and only went to see it once or twice a day. Very soon he did not go to see it for a whole day. Then he began to grudge the time for getting food for his rabbit, and some days he did not feed it at all.

6. One day he found his rabbit dead. It had been starved for want of food. Then he began to cry and was very sorry, but tears would not bring his poor rabbit to life again. This, however, I must say of him, he has taken more care of his pets ever since.

Write :—

Do not neglect to say your prayers.
 I am sorry to see you so tired.
 Do not grudge time spent in doing good.



THE ROBIN.

breakfast	quarrelsome	hawthorn	crumb
woodland	harbour	moment	fight
shelter	cherish	window	wrong

1. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 To my window come,
 For your winter breakfast
 I have kept a crumb.

2. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Have no fear of me,
I am very fond of you
As you plainly see.
3. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Tell me where you sleep,
When the cold, cold winter winds
Through the woodlands sweep.
4. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Ah, I think I know,
God Himself doth shelter you
From the wind and snow.
5. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Tell me is it true,
That you are so quarrelsome?
I'm ashamed of you.
6. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
It is wrong to fight;
You should never harbour
Hate or greed or spite.
7. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Cherish peace and love,
Let me hope you're sorry
And that you'll improve.
8. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Sing a song for me,
Thank you, sir, now fly away
To the hawthorn tree.

9. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 Stay one moment yet ;
 I have learnt one thing from you
 I must not forget.
10. Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 Happy should I be,
 For if God takes care of you
 Care He'll take of me. D.
-



THE GOAT.

beard	slender	sailors	purpose
numbers	carriage	knives	middle
climb	supply	stories	either

1. "Here is a goat. What a long beard he has! And what long horns! Can you tell me anything about the goat, uncle?"

2. "Yes, Robert. The goat is bred in great numbers in most hilly countries. He is very fond of climbing. He can jump from rock to rock, and will get up the steepest places. Look at his slender legs." F 2

3. "Are goats of any use, uncle?" "Yes, their milk is very good. It is thicker and richer than that of a cow. Goats are often kept on board ships, to supply the sailors with milk when they are at sea.

4. "The flesh of the goat is eaten. The horns are used for making the handles of knives, and the skin is used for making gloves. It is the skin of the kid or young goat which is used for this purpose."

5. "Do you know any stories about goats, uncle?" "Yes, I know one. Two goats once wanted to cross a river. One was on one side, and one was on the other. The only bridge was a single plank, just broad enough for one and no more.

6. "They each set out at the same time, and met in the middle. They could not pass, so they tried to push each other back. If either had given way they could both soon have got over; but neither would go back. At last they both fell in the river, and I have no doubt you will say, 'Serve them right.'

7. "At the seaside you may often see goats drawing a little carriage with children in it. Be sure that you never tease a goat."

Write :—

For what purpose did they sharpen their knives ?
Sailors have to climb up ropes.



THE IDLE BOY.

sparrow	prosper	neighbour
morsel	busy	employment
loiter	lesson	labour

1. "Who'll come and play with me under the tree?
My sisters have left me alone:
Ah! sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone."
2. "Oh, no! little master, I can't come, indeed,
I've no time to idle away;
I've got all my dear little children to feed,
They've not had a morsel to-day."

3. "Pretty bee, do not buzz away over the wall,
But come here and play with me, do ;
The sparrow won't come and play with me at all ;
But say, pretty bee, will not you ?"
4. "Oh, no ! little master, for do not you see
Those must work who would prosper and thrive ?
If I play they will call me a sad idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive."
5. "Stop, stop, little ant, do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play ;
I hope I shall find a young playmate at last,
You are not so busy as they."
6. "Oh, no ! little master, I can't stay with you,
We are not made to play, but to labour ;
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for a neighbour."
7. "What, then ! they have all some employment
but me !
Whilst I loiter here like a dunce !
Oh, then, like the ant, and the sparrow, and bee,
I'll go to my lesson at once !"

JANE TAYLOR.

Write :—

Throw this morsel of food to the sparrows.
Whoever needs our help is our neighbour.
How busy the bees are this morning !

BRICKS.

earth	mould	ovens	pocket
knead	quite	kiln	inside
dough	seven	write	ashes

1. "Well, Alfred, where have you been to-day?" "O, I have been to see the men making bricks, uncle." "And how do they make the bricks, my boy?"

2. "I will tell you. Bricks are made of clay. This clay is dug out of the earth and placed in great heaps, where it gets dry and crumbles easily. Then it is mixed with sand or ashes. Then it is kneaded."

3. "What! kneaded? just as your mother kneads the dough?" "No, not quite like that, uncle. It is put in a mill, where it is cut up with knives and made quite smooth."

4. "When it comes out of the mill, lumps of it are put on a table, and a man places a lump inside a wooden mould of the shape of a brick. Then he lifts the mould and the brick is left behind."

5. "Is the brick fit to use then, Alfred?" "No, uncle, it is quite soft. When a number of bricks are made they are placed in rows, and are left to dry for six or seven days. The

next thing is to burn them. This melts some part of the clay and makes it very hard.

6. "They burn the bricks in great heaps which are called 'clamps,' and some they burn in large ovens which the man called 'kilns.' I thought it was an odd word and so I wrote it down in my little pocket book, that I might know how it was spelt."

7. "Well, Alfred, you have given me a very good account of brick-making, and I shall write it down for little boys who have never seen bricks made."

Write:—

After you have kneaded the dough put it in the oven.

A kiln is a place where bricks are made.

Lime is also made in kilns.

THE PONY.

scamper	saddle	breazy
bridle	whip	shady
hedges	gallop	quiet

1. Pony, pony, come, come, come,
Do not scamper so about,
Do not kick, and do not caper,
I am going to take you out.

2. On with bridle, on with saddle,
Let me get upon your back ;
I've a whip, but not to beat you,
Only just to make a crack.
3. Off we go with a jig, jog, jig,
Now we canter down the lane,
Now we gently go up hill,
Now we gallop o'er the plain.
4. Past the hedges, o'er the bridges,
Through the quiet little town,
Through the green and shady wood,
O'er the high and breezy down.
5. Here we come to the silver brook,
Now, sir, it is time, I think,
After all your ups and downs,
You should have a drop to drink !
6. Now our ride is over, now
To the stable we are come ;
Pony, like his little master,
Always loves to get back home. D.

Write :—

Put the saddle on the pony.
Let us go through the quiet village.
Let us walk by the shady hedge.



THE TIGER.

beautiful	movements	women	weapon
stripes	match	children	lady
white	attack	animal	gentleman
frighten	parasol	surprise	skulk

1. This is a tiger. Has he not beautiful black stripes? His fur is of a reddish colour, but you see it is white about the head. He is very much like a cat in his movements, and is quite a match for the lion.

2. The tiger will sometimes attack men, but more often he attacks women and children. He is fond of lying in wait for his prey by the side of some lonely road, where the shade is deepest, or by some spring where animals come to drink. When he sees his prey, he

makes a great spring and comes down pounce upon it.

3. His chief weapons are his great feet, with their long sharp claws, which cut like knives. A simple stroke of his paw is quite enough to strike an ox to the ground.

4. A party of ladies and gentlemen in India went out for a picnic, and took shelter under a shady tree. All at once a tiger appeared. They were much frightened, but one of the ladies had the good sense to open her parasol at the beast. He had never seen such a thing before, and was so surprised that he skulked away, much to the joy of the party.

5. Hunters pursue tigers on the backs of elephants. Sometimes the tiger will attack the elephant itself. An old woman in India was not far from her home, when she saw a tiger crawl up to the door and enter. He was most likely drawn to the house by the smell of food. What did she do, but close the door on him and call some men to her aid, who shot him through the window.

Write:—

Guns are dangerous weapons to handle.

How beautiful the movements of a tiger are!

The tiger will attack the lion.

A picnic is a party in the open air.



THROWING STONES.

drake	ground	blackberries
window	push	heart
mountain	gather	bottom

1. Never throw stones, if you do not know where they may go. When you are by a pond or in an open field you may throw stones as much as you like.

2. Some boys are very fond of making what they call "ducks and drakes," by throwing a thin stone or a piece of slate along the top of the water.

3. But do not throw stones in the streets, or you may break a window or strike somebody. A boy once threw a stone to see how

far he could throw, and struck a little girl who was just coming round the corner at the time. It struck her on her eye, and she lost her sight through it.

4. I will tell you another story of the same kind, and it is quite true. Tom Gates was once on the side of a mountain, and he saw a big stone lying loose on the ground. He said, "What fun it would be to let this stone go, and see it go rolling down right to the bottom of the mountain."

5. He pushed off the stone, and down it went. But down at the bottom of the mountain was a little boy gathering blackberries, and this stone killed him. Tom was very sorry, and it nearly broke his heart to think of what he had done; but if we do not take care, we may do much harm without meaning to do it.

Write:—

The drake has some beautiful feathers.
There was a grub at the heart of the rose.
I am fond of gathering blackberries.

WHY ?

curious	kettle	marrow
billows	spout	spider
ocean	reason	answer

1. I know a curious little boy
 Who is always asking Why,
 Why this, Why that, Why then, Why now,
 Why not, Why by-and-by.
2. He wants to know why wood should swim,
 When lead and marbles sink ;
 Why stars should shine, and winds should blow,
 And why we eat and drink.
3. He wants to know what makes the clouds,
 And why they cross the sky ;
 Why sinks the sun behind the hills,
 And why the flowers die.
4. He wants to know why wind should come
 From out the bellows' nose,
 Why pop-guns should go pop, and why
 The ocean ebbs and flows.
5. He wants to know why fish have gills,
 And why we cannot fly,
 Why steam comes from the kettle spout,
 And rain falls from the sky.
6. He wants to know why coal should burn,
 But not a bit of stone,
 How pips got in the apple-core
 And marrow in the bone.

7. He wants to know why ice should melt,
 Why spiders eat the flies,
 Why bees should sting, and why the yeast
 Should make the dough to rise.
8. Some of his Whys are very hard ;
 To answer, perhaps you'll try ;
 For some, no man has ever yet,
 Found out the reason why. D.

Write :—

I was curious to see what was in the box.
 We cannot give a reason for everything.
 Think before you answer.

THE SOLDIER AND THE CROCODILE.

dreadful	America	protected	bayonet
Africa	Egypt	animals	happily
Asia	armour	English	dragoon

1. "Father," said Will Price, "tell me the name of this dreadful-looking creature? He has a great mouth, and rows of such sharp teeth."

2. "O, that, my boy, is a crocodile. The crocodile is found in parts of Africa, Asia, and America. It lives on the banks of rivers, and is found in great numbers on the banks of the Nile.

3. "Do you know where the Nile is, Will?"
 "Yes, father, it is in Egypt." "That is quite right, my boy. Crocodiles live entirely on animal food. They sometimes devour cattle that come down to the water to drink, and will even snap up a human being."

4. "I should not like to swim there, father."
 "No, my boy, it is not safe to swim where there are crocodiles."



5. "What is that on its back, father?"
 "It is a kind of coat of armour, so hard and thick that a sword will not cut through it. This armour, you will see, is only on the back. The belly is not protected and may be easily pierced."

6. "That is where I should attack him," said Will, "if he came after me. What is

the size of a crocodile, father?" "It is from three to fifteen feet long. The eggs are about the size of those of a goose, and are laid in such numbers that the country would be overrun with crocodiles if a great many were not eaten by other animals."

7. Once an English soldier in Egypt was unable to keep up with his mates, and was left behind by the wayside. Before long he saw a crocodile coming to him with open jaws. What was he to do? Just as the crocodile was going to snap at him he jumped on his back, and drew his bayonet. Every time it turned round to bite, the soldier pricked it with the bayonet.

8. Happily some soldiers were sent back to search for their tired mate, and very glad he was to see them. He was afraid to get off, and yet he could not very well kill the crocodile. The soldiers soon put an end to the crocodile with their muskets, and their comrade was saved. He was ever after called the Crocodile Dragoon.

Write :—

Some animals are protected with coats of armour.
A dragoon is a soldier.



THE SWALLOW.

budding	suddenly	journey
distant	twittering	children

1. Swallow, swallow, tell me,
When the spring time comes,
When the trees are budding,
And the insect hums,
Who is it that calls you
From your distant homes?
 2. Last year, when the summer
Bade us all good-bye,
Suddenly we missed you,
And your twittering cry;
But now spring is coming,
Back again you fly.
 3. Tell me, in your journey
Who did lead you on,
Who it was that told you
Winter here was gone?
It is God, dear children,
Leads us every one.
- D.

Write:—

How far distant is London from York?
 Did you hear the swallows twitter?
 He suddenly went on a journey.



THE OSTRICH.

desert
 Africa
 swallow

brickbats
 conceal
 family

contain
 vulture
 beautiful

1. The ostrich is found in the hot sandy deserts of Africa. It is the largest of all birds, and is from six to eight feet high. It is taller, therefore, than most men. It lives upon melons, grass, and grain.

2. When it is kept in a cage it will swallow almost anything that is given to it, nails, old shoes, china, glass, brickbats, and even knives.

3. Ostriches go in flocks. Each male has from two to seven wives. The nest is a small

hole scooped in the sand or clay, and several hens lay their eggs in the same nest. Every egg stands on its point in the nest. The hens take it in turns to sit on the eggs by day, and the cock sits on them by night.

4. Besides the eggs which are sat upon, the hens lay some that are placed round the nest. These are for the young ostriches to eat when they are hatched. In the daytime the ostriches often quit their nests, and leave their eggs to be kept warm by the sun. They are very careful to conceal their nest as much as possible, and never go straight to it, but first of all go round and round it.

5. An ostrich's egg weighs nearly three pounds, and contains about as much as twenty-four hen's eggs. A whole family could not eat more than one at a meal.

6. The feathers of the male bird are white and very beautiful, and are worn by ladies in their bonnets. The hens, when young, have grey feathers, but later in life their feathers are of a black colour.

7. When the ostrich is off its nest, a great bird called a vulture often gets at its eggs, and this is how he contrives to break them. He takes a large stone in his claws and,

having soared up very high in the air, drops it down on the egg.

8. The ostrich is very strong, and will carry a couple of children on its back. It can run much faster than a horse, though not so far.

Write:—

A desert is a dry sandy plain.

A vulture is a large bird that lives on dead bodies.

THE SWING.

merrily	bough	breeze	touch
pleasantly	leafy	downwards	billowy

Merrily goes the swing
 Under the old oak tree ;
 Now we go up and now we go down ;
 Happy as birds are we.

Pleasantly comes the breeze
 Fanning my cheek and brow ;
 Pleasantly breaks the light
 Down through the leafy bough.

Just like a bird on the wing,
 Just like a cloud in the sky,
 Upwards I mount, and downwards I sink,
 Backwards and forwards I fly.

Now for a good toss up,
Next time I'll touch the tree;
O it's as good as a sail
Over the billowy sea.



Now let me settle down,
Like the sea when storms are o'er,
Lower and lower and lower yet,
Till at last I touch the shore.

Write:—

Great waves are sometimes called billows.
The boughs of the apple-tree are bowed down by
the weight of the fruit.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

minutes	another	morning
garden	finished	fortnight
corner	built	mistake

1. "I shall never learn all those tables," said Frank White one night after he had come home from school. "Why, there are pages of them! If I were to learn all those tables I should not have a bit of time for play." So, after looking at the tables for a few minutes, he shut up the book and rushed out to play.

2. The next day, when he had to say his tables at school, he did not know them. The teacher said, "How is this?" Frank said, "There is so much to learn." "But I only set you a part to learn last night," said his teacher. "Do not think how much there is in the book, but only how much you have to do at a time. Let me tell you a story.

3. "'Do you want me to dig the whole of that garden?' said a boy to his father; 'why it would take me a whole year to dig it all.' 'Well, well,' said his father, 'it is a large garden, I own. Dig only this corner of it to day.' 'O, I do not mind digging that,' said the boy. 'That is not much. I can soon

do that.' The next day his father gave him another corner to dig, and that was soon done. The day after the boy dug another corner, and by the end of a week he had finished the whole garden, which he once said would take him a whole year."

4. "Well," said Frank, "I will try that plan. I shall learn twice times to night, and I will not look at the other parts of the book." Next morning Frank said twice times without a mistake. The next night he learnt three times and found it still easier, and in a fortnight he could say twelve times.

5. Rome was not built in a day; and it is straw by straw that a bird builds his nest.

Write :—

There are sixty minutes in an hour.

There are two weeks in a fortnight.

Finish one thing before you begin another.

